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The Age of Gold

A Travail of the El Dorado

Campbell



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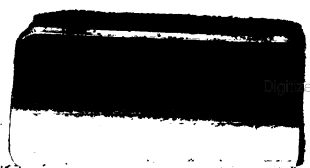
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The Age of Gold

Being a collection of Northland tales, song, sketch and narrative, miner-legend and camp-fire reflections, all gleaned at first hand and done in doubtful metre by an eager listener.

Luther Eugene Campbell
" "



UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

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Class of 1887

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BY

LUTHER EUGENE CAMPBELL

TO THE
ALBANY

INSCRIPTION AND ACKNOWLEDGMENT

To that loyal comrade and friend whose kindly sympathy and companionship brightened the long years of our mutual endeavor in the Yukon-Northwest:

To my mining partner,

Leabentworth Kershaw,

this little volume is addressed by its author, in grateful and affectionate remembrance.

I also desire to acknowledge the valued service of a friend and classmate of college days:

Edgar Paul O'Leary

to whose able and scholarly criticism I am indebted in the score of euphony and clearness, for the correction of many faulty passages.

L. E. C.

740016

INTRODUCTION

If needed.

The author of this small sprig of poesy made one of the many thousands who sought the gold-fields of Alaska following the discovery of placer deposits in the upper Yukon basin in 1896-1897.

The long trail whose drama stretched from the shores of Puget Sound to the Arctic Ocean, was his salutation to the North. He found there a land of mystery and fabled wealth, the lure of which drew the multitude ever on and on, in rainbow promise, to the uttermost recesses of its wilderness and desolation.

The story of this hardy band of Argonauts who adventured to our last frontier is worthy of a Milton's pen; a Titian's brush, but it can never be fully told by picture, prose or poem. One dominant note, at first in buoyant major and later in minor cadence as hope failed of fruition, rang through the years while the panoramic play was lived in progression. The memory of that Pan-played chord is graven deep in the hearts of the tens of thousands who gave, and still are giving, of their best years to

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INTRODUCTION

a struggle which has no parallel in the annals of human history.

He who would truly depict the scenes of Northern life; who would give to the world the moving tale of that far pilgrimage from civilization to the frozen solitudes of the Alaskan-Northwest, must have lived in its action; have shared a miner's privations, toil and disappointment; have known and felt his hopes and aspirations, and joyed with him in the hour of his success. The theme is not for the mere and casual spectator, for pen and brush must draw from the heart ere they can portray with fidelity the scene and setting of that strange journey, which, marked with the life-blood of men whose shallow graves dot the bleak hillsides of many a mountain pass, called for the dauntless courage and resolution with which our Pilgrim fathers set forth for the New World's shore.

Realizing his limitations; his unfitness for the production of classic song, and that destiny denied him an early opportunity for the attainment of that ripe scholarship and profound erudition, which is deemed necessary if one who writes would be immune from the attacks of the literary jackals who

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INTRODUCTION

consider themselves critics, the author yet would give his song to the world in the hope that its untutored melody may gladden the hearts of those rough and simple men of action, whom even the unlettered muse may joy. To his miner-brothers, to those who dared, and paid the cost, he looks for a lasting appreciation of his work—an appreciation which their common kinship must surely give. The immortal bards have sung all songs but his, and if a lesser lyric fail to attain the high mark set by their measures, it becomes a sure prey to the gaunt ghouls of criticism.

With no thought of palliating a noble rage at his presumption, in thus daring to invade with these miner-tropes the sacred realm of song, he yet desires to forestall an unnecessary labor on the part of these Herculean janitors of literature, by hastening to add that he entertains no higher opinion of his fitness for the task of metrical composition, than do the gentle critics whose stricture of his verse and creative capacity is appended to this volume. He cannot but believe that those who speak so authoritatively of its merit have enriched the literature of the world by splendid and dazzling song of absolute metrical perfection, surpassing at least the humbler poets.

INTRODUCTION

Yet, whatever may be the reception or recognition accorded this work by those who tenant the tall canyoned walls of city streets; they whose hearts turn in longing to green glades which border lake and stream; those to whom vale and mountain call in homing welcome; those who too have lived and labored in miner-haunts beneath Northern skies, will find in it some re-echoed thought of life's better moments, which they, each one, have felt and known and treasured.

The Age of Gold was written by many campfires; along wintry trails; in the blessed aftermath of rest from wearying toil, and amid the scenic pageantry and motion of that Eldorado-land of which it speaks; and the pure pleasure of giving expression, even in halting metre, to an epic which would portray in part the ideal of that heroic Northward migration, has been a reward which no scathe of critic can taint or lessen.

L. E. C.

Goldfield, Nev., Oct. 10, 1908.

IN PREFACE

We bid you welcome to our band,
Who yet may chance to read
This song of Eldorado-land,
Its peril, pilgrimage and deed.

Good friends and true would proffer here
A comrade's hearty greeting,
Invite you each to share their cheer
And pleasure at the meeting.

Happy our concourse 'mid such scenes
Of mutual mirth and pleasure,
From boon companionship Hope gleans
Her golden harvest's measure.

Come, gather to the fire and sup
Of Nature's plenty here displayed,
Come taste our fare and quaff the cup
While gently falls the twilight shade.

Here in fellowship heart-royal
All are brothers to the free,

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THE AGE OF GOLD

Here assembled comrades loyal
Make a blithesome company.

Distant is the crowded city,
Far removed the busy mart,
Yet be ours the part to pity—
Here we dwell near Nature's heart.

These are they who voyage ever
On the stormy seas of life,
Making each his best endeavor
To win fortune in the strife.

Youth's impetuous footstep hastens
Hope-spiced, eager for the race,
Soon unkind experience chastens
To sedate measured pace.

Next a man of high ambition
Who would scale the height of fame,
Late he learns man's true condition
Is content with honored name.

IN PREFACE

Still another has been banished
By stern destiny's decree;
Life's illusions long have vanished,
True philosopher is he.

Fourth is he of sturdy figure
Who has been misfortune's mate,
Hardship, toil, privation's rigor,
Taught him patiently to wait.

Last comes one who listened eager
While the journey sped along,
His has been the effort meagre
To repeat its storied song.

So once again a welcome hearty
Each one here to you extends,
Come, join us in the revel-party
Where the evergreen bough bends.

THE ELDORADO SEEKING

Deep down 'mid primordial vastness
Where falls no bright sun-ray,
Close locked within icy fastness
In age long æons passed away
The North's alluvial beds would hold
Their hoarded treasure of shining gold
Ever, and forever, and a day.

But the miner came with his pick and pan,
With his thews of sturdy strength,
And wrought to learn the primal plan
Till the gold was found at length,
Till stream and hill and ocean shore
Gave back their wealth to his toil-learned lore
And the elemental might of a man.

He had wandered far from his native heath
To this Northland's frost-ribbed vales,
He had digged down to the rock beneath
And more, he had hearkened to the tales
When, gathered about the fire at night,
Some trapper told of the pebbles bright
Once found, entombed in their icy sheath.

THE ELDORADO SEEKING

There, toiling in faith, from friends exiled
Far from loved ones he dwelt apart,
Yet visions of home, of the wife and child
Distant, but dear to his lonely heart
Would oft' times come, to urge him seek
For the trapper's golden-graveled creek,
And once again was his hope beguiled.

They nestle by each lone mountain-side
The cabin homes of them who tried
To wrest from the eternal hills,
From rivulet channel, rift and rills,
From where age-buried centuries left
In seam and crevice, clay and cleft,
The gold Dame Nature strives to hide.

“Ye hearts of men, born to unrest
Hope on, 'tis heritage of the race,
And wide though be thy search and quest
At last thou comest to the place
Where Earth's true riches do abide,
Yet if thou seekest alone, in pride,
Ne'er South, nor North, nor East, nor West.”

THE FINDING

Prologue in recitavo

The sad-tinted Autumn had come to the land,
The song of the Summer was stilled by its hand,
The blight of the Arctic had spread o'er the earth
To harvest in death what the Spring gave in birth,
When two hunter-comrades their quarry gave chase
On the flank of a mountain, and close in its trace
Reached the course of a stream which, cleared at a
bound

By the moose in its flight, in its footprints they found
A dull gleaming pebble, and gave the stream name
Of *Bonanza*, all hail to its glory and fame.

The news of the find was a herald of hope
And rumor ran relay to tell of its scope,
Prospectors stampeded from near and from far,
From Circle, from Rampart, from Forty-Mile bar
They flocked to the Klondyke, for promise allured
And richer and greater reward was assured.
With the first bullion shipment its story was told,
The Portland brought down a half million in gold
And an Argonaut pilgrimage northward began
Such as ne'er had been seen in the era of man.

THE TIDINGS

Time—Autumn, 1897

“Attention, friend, ’tis said that past
Alaska’s rugged barrier chain
Where sweeps the bitter wintry blast
Along its mountain and its plain,
There lies a land whose streams abound
With yellow gold which, lately found,
To them who but make haste and reach
Their golden strands, to all and each
A fortune waits, that here would be
Beyond a lifetime’s hope to see.

That ’tis no idle tale is proven
For ships arrive with treasure laden
And tidings bring that, as they sailed
From out the port, a steamer hailed,
But then arriving down the river,
To say each day new fields discover,
And virgin ground of vast extent
Awaits the coming and advent
Of men, whose venturous hardihood
Bids them to share in amplitude.

THE AGE OF GOLD

So vast its wealth 'tis said that they
Who ventured there in earlier day
And found the Eldorado's treasure,
Now fling its gold about for pleasure,
Or seeking what no gold can buy,
A wanton's greed must gratify,
And nightly dance-house dissipation
Vies shameless orgies of libation;
What say'st thou, neighbor, go we there
Where honest toil may win its share?"

Sped the message far and wide,
Press, pulpit, people voiced the tale
How fortune beamed on those who plied
The pick, along the Klondyke's vale.
What wonder then from every land,
Of all conditions, high and low,
Came fifty thousand men, a band
Undaunted by that waste of snow
Which crowned the pass and mountain height;
Soldiers of Fortune, theirs the fight.

Embarking with the hurrying throng
Whose pulse throbs with expectancy,

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THE TIDINGS

Are those whose hearts' affection strong
Wrings there to deepest misery.
They part from all that life holds dear;
Let others join the gusty cheer
And turn with jest and laughter light
To view the harbor fade from sight.
"Dwell here, Dear Heart, near to my side,"
To them the loved one's parting cried.

They voyage on, a week glides past
Ere Chilcoot's peaks are seen at last,
But soon they stand upon the beach
Below the summit they must reach.
The scene is one past power of pen—
Its throngs of eager-busied men;
Bags, boxes, bales, strange cargoes freight
Scattered in all disordered state,
While here and there the comers new
Discuss the problem, "What to do."

Resolved, at length they take the trail
Upward and onward through the snow;
As beasts of burden they must scale
The glaciated cliffs toward which they go,

THE AGE OF GOLD

For each, supplies in ample store
Has landed at the Inlet's shore,
And to the Yukon's upper course
Must each transport a year's resource.
No weakling task this, strength will need
A heart courageous for the deed.

Thus pass the weeks, their toil each day
Is surceased by the thought that they
Are nearing that famed river's slope
Which fancy limns in golden hope.
Sheeps Camp—the Scales—at last 'tis won,
Before them glittering in the sun
The phalanxed mountain ranges show;
Achievement thrills with generous glow
And with their sleds they haste to make
A camping spot beside the lake.

Springtime has' come, the month is May,
A boat is built, they sail away
Adown Lake Bennett's snow-peaked shore,
Eager to learn what lies before.
Safely they crest Mile's Canyon's swirl,
Surge safely through White Horse's curl,

THE TIDINGS

Where maddened waters rush to gloat
Exultant o'er the laden boat,
And all the hardy helmsman's skill
Avails for naught, if fates be ill.

Their craft sweeps on, the river's brink
Is dotted now with camp and tent;
Storm-swept LaBerge, Five Fingers, Rink,
Pass in their turn and soon are blent
In memory with some newer scene
As mount and meadowed island green,
Each curve of the broad current shows;
They reach the place at last where flows
The aural Klondyke, whose bright sand
Has lured them from their native land.

This pilgrim-journal shall not pause
Until one thing of truth is told,
Of wrong there wrought to them, its cause
Rapacious greed of men who hold
A public trust but means for plunder,
And, scorning right, rend laws asunder.
Officials high in public state
Their henchmen placed there to create

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THE AGE OF GOLD

A petty, pilfering, knavish crew
To thieve away the miner's due.

Dishonesty sat throned in grace,
Corruption held high power and place
And so exempt, the official few
More arrogant, for booty grew.
Did HEARDMAN heed that men had fought
Long weeks and months to make advance,
Or FAWCETT care that now they sought
In simple right, a miner's chance?
From SIFTON's gang, appeal were vain
For spoil and plunder held the rein.

No sum could recompense the men
Whose wrongs are writ on every page
Of records, where, had they but been
As was their right and heritage,
Inscribed as owners and in fee,
Success, not failure, now would be
Their lot, and part, and where now stand
Deserted cabins through the land,
A thriving populace would dwell
Whose days would Plenty's blessing tell.

RAFTSMAN'S CHANTEY

**"Heave ho, my bully boys, away heave ho,"
Calls the doughty captain and the raftsmen know
There is work ahead to do,
They must 'scape each shoal and slough,
Ere they reach the landing-eddy they must row.**

**Heave ho, my bully boys, away heave ho,
Let each stalwart son of toil his mettle show,
As along the turbid stream
To the rippling waters' gleam,
We float onward with the flood's majestic flow.**

**Heave ho, my bully boys, again heave ho,
On adown the current of the river now we go,
We have labored long and hard,
For our journey's-end reward,
Now we venture to the market far below.**

**Heave hard, my bully boys, walk her away,
Bring the force of all your mighty sweeps in play,
In that draw the shallows lurk,**

THE AGE OF GOLD

Work back to the channel, work,
Or our boom will bleach on bars for many a day.

Ease her now, my bullies, the danger is by,
Fill your pipes and watch the graceful swallows fly,
With such men to man the craft,
We could ride a bubble-raft,
Slough and shallow, bar and breaker we defy.

Heigh-ho, my bullies, the landing's in sight,
And we'll join the mad carousal there tonight,
There'll be fiddling, frolic, fun,
There'll be bright gold lost and won,
Though the raftsman's toil is hard, his heart is light.

THE GOOD HOPE MINE

Oh, be this the spot where the gold is secreted,
We have delved oft before in the fulness of hope,
And again have essayed till our search be completed,
To compass the task which the miner must cope.

Afar we have sought it—the place of our vision,
By moorland and mountain continued the quest
Though ever has issue disheartened decision
To seek it anew with first ardor and zest.

We hear of old comrades whose rich acquisition
Has brought them the plenty they hoped to command,

Let us now to the shaft and from bed-rock's position,
Disclose if reward for our toil shall be bann'd.

Draw near as the bucket ascends to the surface,
Our comrade beneath in the dim candle glow
Bespeaks a belief that this gravel will preface
The golden deposit the channel should show.

THE AGE OF GOLD

It topples the platform, a moment suspended
The windlass-drum creaks at its sudden release,
And safe on the landing is quickly up-ended;
Eureka! 'tis part of the famed golden fleece.

“Ahoy there below, we have struck a bonanza,
The bright metal gleams in the earth at our feet;”
We christened our mine the “Good Esperanza,”
For hope beckoned on to a fortune replete.

THE TALE OF THE MIDAS MINE

A Prospector's Story

Epilogue

Gold, gold, thing of potency and power
With gift to cheat and charm,
Always in an evil hour

Ed Thou comest to hurt and harm
And in thy death-alluring train
Bring'st gross-devouring lust of gain,
Bring'st curse of suffering and pain.

In strange, mysterious fateful ways
Mankind behest of thine obeys,
E'en though thy form's enchantment shows
Afar mid wastes of polar snows.
Gold, jest thou art of unkind fate,
Composed of hope and hell and hate
Which, for our footstep lies in wait.

THE AGE OF GOLD

The Rumored Tale

Long years ago a vessel passed
Through Behring's polar gate,
Imprisoned in an ice-pack fast
It drave north-eastward from the strait,
Then far to the East the current bore,
When, driven to an unknown shore,
By wide floe fields encircled round,
She sank within an islet sound,
And all her crew, save one, were drowned.

That sole survivor made his way
Across MacKenzie's berg-strewn bay,
Across the vapor-curtained field
Whose danger ever it half concealed,
Along moraine and glacial pass,
O'er rugged ridge and deep crevasse,
And, starving, reached a whaling post
Maintained upon the Arctic coast;
This is the story of his host:

"When, in delirium, fever toss'd
The tale of suffering he told,

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THE TALE OF THE MIDAS MINE

Ever in wandering, he crossed
A river, paved with gold;
Deep in a gorge, and near its head,
A stream by glitt'ring glaciers fed
Ran rippling o'er its golden bed."

The Scene

An Autumn night, auroræ bright
Illumining the northern sky,
The Yukon swiftly sweeping by
Where lofty mountains rise in rank,
Frost-haloed thickets on each flank,
And friendly forests stretch before
Fringing the mighty river's shore.
Reflected from this sylvan screen
Of bough and branch, the glow and sheen
Of a camp-fire's ruddy flame is seen.

The fitful-gleaming shadows fall
Upon a man, broad, sinewy, tall,
One well within his median prime
But whom the silver touch of time

THE AGE OF GOLD

Has penciled with no sparing hand;
Grouped about yet others stand,
Though none in vigor can compare
To him of the half-whited hair
Whom Nature marks, their leader there.

An humble repast has been spread
Beneath the canopying trees,
Whose tops, high arching overhead,
Sway gently in the evening's breeze.
Soon the simple meal is done
And, gath'ring round the fire, each one
In turn discourses venturous deed,
Whilst incense sweet—the wanderer's meed—
Wafts from solacing pipe and weed.

Companions these of many a trail,
Now from a bootless quest returning,
They urge Grey-beard recount the tale
Awhile the cheery blaze is burning,
How once he sought a wondrous mine
Beyond the Arctic Porcupine.
Each knew his charm, for true and well

THE TALE OF THE MIDAS MINE

A stirring story he could tell,
Listen, and learn what there befell.

The Story

His strange recital thus began—
“We were there in search of the gold
Which the miser earth doth hold,
In gluttonous and greedy grasp,
With cold benumbing icy clasp,
Hidden with craft and cunning plan
Away from the sight of selfish man.

Through weary weeks of stubborn toil
With fire we fought the frozen soil,
Striving by finite force to know
Where ancient channels once did flow,
Leaving their tawny-gleaming hoard
In subterranean recess stored,
And glacial fastness, unexplored.

There we wrought the Summer through
Until the snows of Autumn came,
When, driven by need, at last we drew

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THE AGE OF GOLD

Across the hills in search of game,
Heavy were the hearts we bore,
And meagre, was the golden store
Wrested from the river's floor.

Four days we sledged in northward jaunt
Through winding lanes of birch and spruce,
To reach at length the native haunt
Of musk ox, caribou, and moose.
There, 'mid frozen swamp-land bogs
We built a cabin-hut of logs,
A shelter rude, for men and dogs.

What hunter has not known the thrill
Of a noble quarry's chase,
To win our sustenance by kill
Is instinct to the human race.
We sought successfully to slay,
Success augmented day by day
As near or far, we found our prey.

Winter had spread upon the ground
Its pallid, drifting sheet
When, on a foray bent, we found

THE TALE OF THE MIDAS MINE

The late imprint of human feet;
Following on to where it led,
Within a sheltering brushwood shed,
A man lay dying on its bed.

As bending close to where he lay
His longing gaze upon us fell,
In whisper hoarse we heard him say
He could to us a secret tell,
Should we by solemn oath declare
That, to a distant wife and child
In part the treasure we would bear,
Which, in that dread and wintry wild,
After hardship, toil and strife
He now had purchased with his life.
We gave the promise in assent,
And knelt to learn his strange portent
Before his feeble strength was spent.

* * * *

'I shipped,' he said, 'from Bedford town
As first mate of the Martha Morn,
And on the tasseled fields of corn
As we sailed out for the Southern Horn,
A summer's sun, in love looked down

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THE AGE OF GOLD

With never a passing cloud to frown
Upon the harvest's stubble brown.

The stormy Cape was in springtime mood
As we weathered its point and our course pursued
To the northern ocean, whose fettered plain
Gave richer promise of common gain.
Through Unimak's narrow cloud-cloaked lane
We threaded the dread Aleutian chain,
To follow the drift, to the Arctic main.

Two summers we cruised that fretful sea,
Hunting, for bone, the bow-head whale,
And ever escaped disaster-free
Until one Spring a furious gale
Drove us hard upon a floe,
When quick, to her reckoning below
The good ship Martha Morn did go.

Of all her crew but I escaped,
And to the west a course I shaped,
Thankful indeed to be afloat,
With a harpoon lance and a whaling boat.
Slender though the chance they gave,

THE TALE OF THE MIDAS MINE

To Barrow's Point far o'er the wave
I hoped to win, and cheat the grave.

Anon through rift of parting cloud
I saw the green-hued glacial wall,
Anon the lifted curtain showed
Cliff-buttressed mountain tall,
Yet ever from the north was flung
That misty mantle, in seeming hung
To hide the jutting reef and rock,
To screen the treacherous icy block,
And with its menace, hope to mock.

Long days and weeks with desperate might
I fought that grim, despairing fight,
My daily food the flesh of seal
Won with the ready harpoon's steel.
Then one day as I lay and slept,
Into the pack my boat was swept,
And, gaining a nearby summit's mound
I wept for joy, for there I found
The mainland shore, and the ice aground.

THE AGE OF GOLD

Onward I struggled day by day
To that westward goal where succor lay,
Remembering little of all between
But that gnawing hunger, fierce and keen,
As I climbed the rugged mountain-side,
Was sapping fast life's vital tide,
And that once, in skirting a defile bold
To ford a torrent-rivulet cold,
Its bed shone bright with grains of gold.

That was years ago, but predestined lot
Drew me again to the cursed spot,
And with trusted friends I sought to find
That aural stream I had left behind.
Though in many a deep-indentured cove
We anchored the sloop and eager strove,
It ever escaped our search and quest;
Disheartened at last, they turned to the west,
And alone, I watched them sail away,
For I, had elected still to stay
On that lonely shore so grim and gray.

Once more I stood beside that sea,
Whose peril all was known to me,

THE TALE OF THE MIDAS MINE

Once more I labored at the oar
Along that ice-embattled shore.
For weeks unceasingly I sought
But vain the search how'er I wrought,
My task each night was done for naught.

Then at last, as I rounded a frowning cape
The scene before took familiar shape
And soon I had come again to the place
Which fancy ever had loved to trace.
Beaching the boat at the broad moraine
I ascended the rocky channeled drain,
To behold the precious sands again.

I had killed a seal beside the shore
And, filling the skin with a golden store,
I hoisted the sheet to voyage back
While yet I could skirt the drifting pack,
For a week I held along the course
Ere shoreward it came with resistless force,
And, driven for safety to the land,
Encamped in a village near at hand,
I found a native tribal band.

THE AGE OF GOLD

As winter came with its night and snow
I joined with the wandering Eskimo
To journey south to the valley here
Where they hunt the timid Northland deer.
A lack of woodcraft has been to my cost
For, roaming afar and hopelessly lost
I crept here, to die in the deadly frost.

At the native Igloo lies the leathern skin,
My hard-won gold lies buried therein,
With this rude chart to follow by,
Pass a high peak which marks the sky
And enter the defile close beside,
'Twill lead to a mine by the ice-bound tide
Where riches untold, do thy coming abide.'

Away to the north o'er the crisping snow
The dying stranger bade us go
To where a mighty glacier lay
Fronting a land-locked ocean bay.
Its water course we must ascend,
Where, near unto its upper end,
Broad bedded in the shallow stream,

THE TALE OF THE MIDAS MINE

O'erflowing crevice crack and seam,
Lay boundless wealth—ours to redeem.

Closer we drew as in hushed spell
His falt'ring murmured accents fell,
And each, in eagerness attent
Nearer to that low couch bent.
Silently we heard the tale,
In silence saw his life-light fail
And death bedew his countenance pale.

Like one who listens, he paused—and sighed
Ere he passed the bounds of life's divide;
Then, reverently and in breathless awe
We sought the enfolding robe to draw
About his corse in shrouding fold;
There, clasped within his stiffening hold
He held a nugget of virgin gold.

We had heard in doubt, now as we gazed
On the narrative's proof, we stood amazed
Till, surging sudden to our sense
Came the desire to hasten hence,
And, heedless of the unburied dead

THE AGE OF GOLD

We rushed forth to the waiting sled,
Nor gave a thought of turning back
As we lashed the cringing wolf-dog pack
Swiftly forward along his track.

Quick coursing by the forest's edge,
Following fast the swaying sledge,
We sped along in frenzied haste,
To reach at length a sparse-grown waste,
By freezing Arctic storm winds fann'd,
That desolate reach and barren band
Which girds the Continent's northmost land.

Throughout the dim light of that day
No living creature crossed our way,
Nor sound the slumbering stillness stirred,
Save that at even afar we heard,
Faint falling from the frosty sky
Or croaking raucously nearer by,
The raven's weird, ill-omened cry.

Around about dark lowering night,
Gloom in keen and frigid blight,
Spread over all the white expanse

THE TALE OF THE MIDAS MINE

Before we checked our swift advance,
Nor paused until then to prepare
The hunter's frugal, homely fare.
Soon a camp-fire's gleaming crest
Rose before a bough-made nest
And each, in furry robe, sought rest.

Long hours before a roseate dawn
The curtaining cowl of night had drawn
We breakfasted and were away,
Hoping before the close of day
To gain the pass which there before,
Close guarded by its sentinel hoar,
Led to that hidden Midas' store.

A sullen silence seemed to brood
O'er all the voiceless solitude;
The north hare held her snowy form,
The fox sought out its earthing warm,
The ravening wolf to shelter stayed
Deep within the willow glade
Nor dared to venture forth to find
Its prey among the lesser kind,
For, pitilessly that polar breath

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THE AGE OF GOLD

Swept southward o'er the congealed earth,
And only man, would brave its death.

Again the sombre shadows throng
To blot the cheerless scene;
With laggard step we creep along,
With weary and dejected mien.
We made our halt, the fire soon lit,
Unlashed our robes and camping kit,
Cut shrub and brush and spread below
To fend our covering from the snow;
Thus made the bed that hunter's know.

The day was breaking as we left
Our camp, and entered the deep cleft
Whose drifted slopes to left and right
Stretched upward to the frowning height.
My two companions forged ahead
To break trail for the weighted sled,
While up their narrow snow-shoe road
The team came panting with the load
Urged on by me with lash and goad.

THE TALE OF THE MIDAS MINE

Mid-day a half mile lay between
Though they could yet be plainly seen,
When from high up the mountain side
The field of snow began to slide;
With swift momentum reached the steep
And with one furious awful leap,
Entombed beneath its mighty mass
The men before me in the pass.
Appalled, I gazed; in dumb affright
I viewed that high-heaped tomb of white,
Then turned the team, and hid the sight.

Alone, alone, alone; if one above
There be who looketh down in love,
Who marketh e'en the sparrow's fall
And can direct the course of all,
Thy love displays this hour a mood
As would distrust engendered good.
Faith falters of Thine infinite care;
In mine own strength lies hope to fare,
Hence to that lowly cabin there.

That night I slept within the rest
From whence at morning we had prest,

THE AGE OF GOLD

And backward o'er the dim-lit waste
Ere dawn of day I sped in haste.
What Crusoe learned upon his isle
Came home to me each weary mile;
My dogs made company; dumb friends
Such solace to affliction lends,
That unto them I spake my thought
As down the drifting track we fought.
'My Captain dog so fleet and true,
No nobler beast e'er breathed than you,
By right of worth, you lead the crew.

'Turk, Buster, Ben, faithful and strong
And tireless though the trail be long,
Sturdy old Warrior, Socks, your mate,
Whose courage makes his might as great,
Though sired by rangers fierce and free
Your mothers' whelped their broods to be
Of service in my hour of plight,
To save from death a hapless wight,
Entrapped in this dread barren's blight.'

Thus meditating, half in shame
At past unkindnesses, I came

THE TALE OF THE MIDAS MINE

Again at dusk within the wood
By which our first encampment stood.
Pausing, I heard from back the trail
A sound—once more—a wolfish wail
Answered in chorus now more near,
Quickly I loosed the harness clear
That, in the near approaching strife,
Each brute might make his fight for life.
Too well I knew that lean horde's way,
Their rush, their rage, their fangs' keen play;
The North's gaunt cruel demons, they.

The shadows thicken thro' the glades,
Dark stealthy forms move 'mid the shades,
My dogs stand bristling in the fore
Growling defiance at two score
Of their wild enemies, whose cry,
As now they circle closer by,
Invites to onset, and to die.

My rifle spake, a wounded brute
Sprang forward, and in near pursuit
His fellows close still closer round,
Though oft my aim its victim found

THE AGE OF GOLD

Ere they in furious raging might
Came to engage the dogs in fight.
The leaden messengers sped fast
And, when the conflict's height had passed,
When I had stemmed the fierce attack,
Refilled my rifle and forced them back,
I came to learn the havoc done;
But one survived—my favored one—
Borne down by numbers, yet at bay
Where he had met their fanged array,
The noble Captain wounded lay.

With nerveless touch I sought to quench
His gory wounds' fast flowing drench
And ministered with trembling hand
The crude surgery at my command.
Then lifting him up I bore him back
To where I had left the sled and pack,
To kindle a blaze and soon prepare
The fleshy viands of our fare.
All through the night the prowlers' ire
Would rouse me up to feed the fire
And watch, lest its bright flame expire.

THE TALE OF THE MIDAS MINE

At length the breaking light of day
Disclosed the scene of bloody fray,
Then, with disheartened creeping pace,
I turned, reluctant, to retrace
My way to that far distant door
Beyond the barren's wind-swept floor.
My wounded dog I needs must bind
Upon the sledge and drag behind,
For he, my friend in time of need
I felt deserved such kindly deed,
And if, at length through days of pain
I won across that frosty plain,
One loyal friend, should share my gain.

How I yearned then those of manly worth
Who were left behind in that cleft of earth,
For night brought dark foreboding's brood,
Soon there would be a dearth of food,
And Death's numb lethargy would steal
When lack of food my fate could seal.
Though all my hunter-craft was plied,
In vain I scoured the moorland wide,
In vain its every art was tried.

THE AGE OF GOLD

How I staggered on with feeble strength
To find that cabin door at length,
I ne'er shall know; an age it seems
I groped through weird phantastic dreams.
Processions strange stalked through my mind,
For oft the dead comrades left behind,
With the stranger from his pallet low,
Hovered where e'er I turned to go,
Or lurked at night with cautious stealth
To filch my dream-amassed wealth.

There in the cabin, my dog and I
Dwelt till the winter passed us by,
Then in the Spring one day we passed
Southward over the hills at last
To where the Porcupine's current free
Bore us on toward the Behring Sea.
At the Yukon's side we met the throng
Who sang of the Klondyke's siren-song;
And here we wait—but the time is long."

* * * *

THE TALE OF THE MIDAS MINE

The tale is told, each listener goes
To seek a welcome night's repose;
The dying flames expiring shed
A softened glow and halo red
Upon the forms recumbent round,
Faint far and sweet, each nature-sound
With slumbrous melodies abound;
The white owl's cadent, plaintive note
Sounds soft and low in copse remote;
From the river's distant moon-lit shore
The lone loon's voice comes trembling o'er;
South passaging wild fowl clamorous fly,
A wolf gives long drawn, mournful cry,
The young moon sinks behind the hill,
The embers die—then all, is still.

SONGS OF THE ELDORADO

Dramatis Personæ, Argonauts

Scene, Camp Fire; Place, Pelly Lakes

“What rhymester, ho,
Attune thy harp,
Let melody o'erflow,
Display thy skill in rhythmic trill,
And once begun the gamut run
Through flat and sharp,
Nor need to fear among those here
A critic's carp
In censorious ruth”; thus heard the youth
To whom addressed;
To drive away with simple lay
Their souls' unrest,
He sang forsooth a song of truth
And gave his best;
A ballad old, one oft retold
To maiden prest
In raptured thrill and mutual will
To lover's breast, 'twas thus expressed:

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ODE TO THE KING

Pay thou thy tribute feal to Love, the King,
Whose minions fan the passioned heart aglow
And bid us quaff existence from that spring
Whence gushing forth, the soul's deep currents flow.

In glorious golden sunshine from above,
With every clinging atom 'neath the sun,
Affinity proclaims the reign of Love
Existent ere our mortal round begun.

Obedient to great Nature's high behest,
Primeval man's first instinct was to mate,
And all the peopled earth doth now attest
How near that sacred law fits his estate.

Then live thy day to Life's intenser swing,
Scorn not Emotion's quickened pulse and thrill,
Unselfish tribute ever pay to Love, the King,
Till death at last thy beating heart shall still.

* * * *

All give acclaim, one asks him name
An' he could mention,

[41]

THE AGE OF GOLD

Maids who'd believed to be deceived
By his intention.
The jest he heard but gave word
Of his displeasure,
When Grey-beard spoke, "But fools do joke
 To such a measure.
Of loftiest blend, my youthful friend,
'Twas well conceived,
And shows thy leisure
To be but spent with right intent
To garner treasure.
It is our joy to such employ
Thy talents tend,
All here were grieved, be it believed,
 To hear its end.
We would, my boy, of such alloy
Have yet another,
And homage rend; let all attend
Our minstrel brother."
He told of dream, of fond esteem
By all partaken
Of mother-word when mem'ry stirred
 Hearts to awaken.

I DREAMED A DREAM

I dreamed a dream in Sleepyland
Of a time in the long ago,
When I knew a Mother's loving hand
As she rocked me to and fro.

Again I felt her fondly press
My childish form close to her heart,
And the soft touch of her lips' caress
Bade the tears of Dreamland start.

I heard once more the lullaby
As she soothed my troubled rest,
I heard her sad and gentle sigh
As I nestled to her breast.

Softly and low, came once again
The age-old and harmonious strain
Of that nurture-melody of men,
Our childhood's first divine refrain.

THE AGE OF GOLD

Song

“Hush, my precious, Mother holds thee,
Evil cannot reach thee here,
Slumber sweet one, she enfolds thee,
Naught can harm while she is near.

Mother's care will ever yield thee
Safe protection through the night,
Mother's love will ever shield thee,
Ever guide thee toward the right.

Rest, my child, thine eyelids cumber,
All my love and life is thine,
Rest my babe, in peaceful slumber
While thy Mother's arms entwine.”

Happier, golden other days
Ere worldly lesson we were taught,
Life seemed then a hymn of praise
Each hour with a pleasure fraught.

I DREAMED A DREAM

Time can ne'er efface nor sever
Treasured memories which lie
Near the place of Sleepland, ever
Sounding Childhood's lullaby.

* * * *

All quiet was the company
When he had done;
'Twas well approved, for near removed
As if in revery,
Stood more than one
Who sought to hide from gaze aside
And there shed furtively,
 The tears it won.
At length spake he to whom age gave priority,
" 'Tis true my son,
And he who hears it not
In youth's first hour
Nor learns its dear precept
Within Affection's bower,
Knows lonelier, sadder lot
Than he who there has slept and blossoming has kept,
 Life's garden spot.

THE AGE OF GOLD

How e'er Age dull the ear that melody rings clear,
Its music Memory quickens, as round us trouble
 thickens,
And he has ne'er forgot, though sorrows fain would
 blot
That song, to childhood dear."
Thus glides along with feast of song,
 The night's rehearsal,
Their plaudits rang when next he sang
 Of Wrong's reversal.

THE LAY OF THE HANGMAN

Hark to the plaint a hangman sang
As he went his fellow man to hang,
As he passed the fresh grave yawning nigh
And mounted the steps to the scaffold high.

“This retribution does custom ordain,
‘Vengeance is Mine,’ runs the old refrain,
A life for a life must right the wrong
And sate the souls of a morbid throng.

To erring humanity, pity is dead,
Hate and hypocrisy here are wed,
Here Justice sanctions a cruel deed
In the plea of conserving social need.

Who gives the *right* to the many to slay
Which if one may do he shall forfeit pay?
Ah, 'tis *cheaper* to hang than imprison removed,
And thus is the shameful deed approved.

But is murder more murder when done by stealth
Than when done by the jackals of Commonwealth;

THE AGE OF GOLD

Has the Law done aught to cleanse the stain
When dust unto dust has returned again ?

The weak fall prey unto the strong,
Perverted from Right they stray to Wrong,
Nor stretches a friendly hand to save
Ere doomsday dawns at the gallows-grave.

Of a morbid malice springs the lust
For life of one who betrays his trust,
And destroying life they do but feed
A demon of vengeful Passion's breed.

Will time ne'er come when man must know
That deeds like this will future show
To mortal minds a savage crime
Born of a dark and savage time ?

Too long has this fell phantasmal blight,
This creed that two wrongs will make one right,
This brute-survival of darker age,
Sullied a world's enlightened page.

THE LAY OF THE HANGMAN

Hate and Revenge, not social need,
These are the motives base which speed
Misguided mortality to the noose
To cheapen life with a gross abuse."

This was the plaint the hangman sang,
As he went his fellow man to hang,
His creature-kind, who slew a friend
And thus came there to untimely end.

Soliloquy

Let him invoke, who dares,
The fickle mob's rebuff,
The shackle Custom wears
Galls yet not enough.

Untold centuries has mankind
Worn this brutal fetter,
Tradition pictures Justice blind;
Grows she yet the better?

Has our vaunted learning brought
Creed of peace sublime,

THE AGE OF GOLD

Has wisdom of all ages taught
What *leads* men to crime?

Hear the pious Christian chant
Of Mercy, Love and Charity;
How *act* they who sound its cant;
Deeds show a disparity.

“May ours be the nobler action
To bequeath the coming race
With this kindly benefaction:
Not to know a hangman’s face.”

Note—

On January 20, 1903, two men were executed in the prison yard at Dawson, Y. Ty., in the presence of two hundred and fifty invited guests. Both of these men were present at Dawson less than a twelvemonth before at the time of the execution of another murderer, the circumstances of the crimes in both cases being analagous.

In the conviction that capital punishment does not deter crime, I have endeavored to voice, in the “Lay of the Hangman” and his “Soliloquy” something of the underlying motive which I believe sends human beings to the gallows.

—*Author.*

THE LAW OF THE HANGMAN

Discussion

This legal sin, long, long has been
Law's dear reproof,
Whilst Custom strong protects the wrong,
Beneath her roof.
Who would decry or earnest try
To combat Error,
Will hear the shout of thoughtless lout
Whose mental mirror
Reflects a mind to reason blind;
Says the indifferent hearer:
"Why be alarmed, 'tis another's harmed,
The need's not vital,
Until the law our necks can draw
In such requital.
True lives were wrung and some have swung
Who knew no guilt,
But all must die; what need to cry
For milk that's spilt,
Or thus point out and seek to flout
With useless chatter,
The sacred right of Strength and Might;
So ends the matter."

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THE AGE OF GOLD

The songster sang anew
At their discussion's end,
And their attention drew
To this symphonic blend.

WONDER SONG

I sometimes wonder why,
As time goes fleeting by,
We suffer Disappointment's pain,
Through lingering years toil on in vain
And failing, rise to hope again;
Hope does not die,
I wonder why.

I wonder sometimes where
'Mid poignant pain and care,
The buoyant souls of womankind
Their wealth of love and wisdom find—
The laurel wreaths they bring and bind,
And blossoms fair, where,
I wonder where.

Sometimes I wonder when,
In peace united, men
The seeds of fellowship will sow
Along the pathway each must go;
Joyous the flowers of Love will glow
In fields Fraternal then;
Ah when, I wonder when.

THE AGE OF GOLD

Refrain

Human hearts to passion strung
Eternal songs of hope have sung,
Eternal must their forces play
Till human hearts to dust decay.

* * * *

Again a silence at its close
As if perchance each hearer knows
Some soul-deep truth lies under,
As if responsive hearts had heard
An echo to its every word;
Unheeded oft 'midst storm and stress,
Timed to their pulsing eagerness,
Yet now they hear—and wonder.

“Arouse the firelog, lads, the light
Will lend its cheer as I recite
To you a song I one time learned
When Fancy's mood in Autumn turned
To a secluded woodland dell
Wherein, belated song-birds tell
Of happier hours, when fields were green
And now are loth to leave the scene.”

[54]

SONG OF A FOREST BIRD IN AUTUMN

A WOOD-RAMBLER'S FANCY

I strolled one day through forest aisle
When Autumn leaves were falling,
When chickadees, with artless guile
Their cheery chant were calling.

I saw the thrifty squirrel hoard
The beech nut in the hollow tree,
I found the bole wherein was stored
The summer's labor of the bee.

I lay among the drifted leaves
Deep in a shadowy thicket's gloom,
And learned there how the spider weaves
At faery, gossameric loom.

Then from an elm branch 'mid the wood
I spied a bird-nest's pendent bow,
Nearby a ruffled songster stood
As though distraught with woe.

THE AGE OF GOLD

To fancy lulled, a chirping note,
Half dreaming, half awake, I heard,
Thus ran the lay of feathered throat—
Autumnal song of forest bird.

SONG

Key C Minor

“Oh now must we go ere the winds of winter blow,
Ere the frost’s cold breath grows cutting, sere and
 keen,
Soon the boughs we used to know will lie buried in
 snow,
Ah me! they once were leafy, fair and green.
My fledglings have flown—the home nest is lone,
All the earth seems drear and desolate and gray,
Ere a thistledown had blown—ere an autumn leaf
 had shown
They were eager to take wing and fly away.

“There were flowers in the springtime and fields of
 fragrant hay,
There were buttercups and daisies in the June,

SONG OF A FOREST BIRD IN AUTUMN

And my mate at break of day sang each morn his
carol-lay,
Sang the songs of love, rehearsed at honeymoon,
Here we reared our nestling-brood, happy 'mid the
solitude,
Naught of grief e'er came to break upon our rest,
But, alas, 'tis nature's way—life is not alone of
May,
Chill November's frost has found an empty nest.

In Major Key

"Hark, an answering note I hear, 'tis my mate-bird
hov'ring near,
He will come to me ere evening shadows fall,
Bid my heart to be of cheer, whisper, that another
year,
We shall nest once more upon the elm tree tall.
On the morrow's morn we'll fly, far to sunny south-
ern sky,
There to warble forth idyllic life's refrain,
Peaceful Summer now is by, Autumn comes, and
with a sigh,
We must flit away, till Spring shall come again."

THE AGE OF GOLD

Argument

'Tis true of man, no less than these
Poor feathered creatures of the trees.
Youth hastens ever from the fold
Whose shelter safe from storm would hold.
As, in the evening of her days
She marks them go their several ways,
The mother-heart in longing cries
For those once held by tend'rest ties.
They, too, were eager for the flight,
And now, when shadows of the night
Come stealing down the lane of life,
Wearied and worn with care and strife,
She calls to mind the fairer Spring
When cradle songs she loved to sing
And budding hope bade hearts be gay—
Sighs, are of Autumn,—song, of May.

* * * *

“So ye would learn of men who swing
A miner's pick against the breast
Which hides the secret of their quest;
Learn of their ways, the hopes that spring

SONG OF A FOREST BIRD IN AUTUMN

As forth the treasured gold they bring
From where 'twas held in Nature's chest.

“Is it but greed, to grasp, to hold;
What joys their task, and do they sing
Nor reck of that grim reaping Thing
Which garners Mankind to its fold?”
In reverence was bowed each head,
He spake in tribute to the dead.

THE PARTING

A MINER'S REQUIEM

Gather around, ye comrade-friends
Who knew this form in life,
For thus, each earthly journey ends,
Thus Peace o'ertaketh Strife.

Ye knew him well who sleepeth there,
To each, he was a brother,
And gave with generous hand, his share,
To help sustain another.

In nobler truth his loyal heart
To Honor gave devotion,
Nor deemed it less than Manhood's part
To yield that heart's emotion.

To fellow men in hour of need,
His roof-tree gave protection,
And every kindly thought and deed
Found purpose and direction.

THE PARTING

This parting hour cements the bond
Life's fellowship attending,
For none may know, if bourne beyond
Or be this grave, the ending.

“Sleep, Thou who were the salt of earth,
Too soon converge our ways,
And we who honor now thy worth,
Shall no more sound thy praise.”

ANTHEM

LAST HOPE

Pilgrim, thou journeyest soon o'er the plain,
Brief is the hour of thy joy and thy pain,
Thou meetest at Morn whom Noontide shall part,
And alone, at the Even, must sorrow thy heart.

Eternal the hope whose abode is thy breast,
Its breath is thy prayer as thou turnest to rest,
And the Shore of the Shadow illumined shall be,
One star shineth ever, across the dark sea.

Refrain

Flower of a soul burdened with care,
Near to the Goal riseth thy prayer,
'Tis all thy part onward to guide,
Deep in the heart always abide.

SOLACE

Still Hope remains within the primal jar
Though other good gifts wing their way afar;
The noblest one clung to Pandora's urn,
Endowed in trust to womankind in turn
And sung of hearts whose simple lay to learn,
Made loyal love endure through all the years,
To smooth our path adown this vale of tears.

Oft comes the hour in every human life
When, weary or despondent of its ceaseless strife,
Man in endeavor seems the burrowing mole,
Of tangled threads the fabric of the whole,
And soul must seek its solace of a kindred soul,
Where hearth and home and all the sheltered throng,
Woo to forgetfulness with gladdening Hope's heart
song.

Life's tempest-troubled voyager finds there the friend
To cheer, encourage, comfort, and to lend
Affection's bright benign transfiguring light,

THE AGE OF GOLD

A beacon-ray athwart its shadowy night
To guide him safe when darkness dims the sight.
Drear, drear the journey to that vague Beyond,
Uncheered by some dear haven's radiance fond.

Th' ambrosial nectared dew of childhood's kiss,
The place of joy serene and purest bliss,
Where prattling innocence and artless baby mirth
The heart refreshens, and bids us be its worth,
Gives of Elysian hour, all, all, of earth.
Who knows it not upon this mortal round
Escheated lives, and dying, longs the sound.

And though one once held close within the bower,
Whose presence made the song of evening hour,
Sleeps now beneath a grassy, dew-kissed mound
Where blossoms fair bend o'er the hallowed ground,
Divinely tender echoing memories still resound,
Like sacred song through dim cathedral aisle;
And we—are better—for that life the while.

SOLACE

Be then our day whate'er of joy bereft,
Though from our side the treasured one be cleft,
Though Fate conspire to wrest all we hold dear,
The night will pass, the day fall fair and clear
If there but be one fellow creature near,
To sound the song, from heart of simple grace,
Of eld, in trust bequeathed, to women of the race.

* * * *

THE WRECK OF THE ISLANDER

The harbor lights in twinkling sport
Dance gaily on each wavelet's crest,
As the staunch ship Islander leaves port,
Beneath the mountain's lea
Which nevermore will see
The ripples from her breast.

Mirth and Music, Youth and Song,
Assemble in her social hall,
For Hope has promised that ere long
Each one again will stand
On that dear native strand
From which their loved ones call.

Long separate, to toil enured,
They braved the Northern night,
And from the womb of earth secured
Treasure they had sought,
To turn in home-land thought
Where welcome would delight.

THE WRECK OF THE ISLANDER

Straight on her charted course
She skims the narrow strait,
As by her engines pressured force,
Propelling swift ahead,
On through the dark she sped
For the channel's southern gate.

Dank fogs descend, an icy breath
Enwraps the inland sound,
To shelter in its shadow Death,
For glacial offspring lay
Thick-strewn about the bay,
And ragged reefs abound.

The far-spent night in slumber holds
The gallant and the fair,
More dense seem now the vapor-folds
Beyond the vessel's prow,
Yet onward still they plow,
Nor marked Death biding there.

A crash—an awful moment's lull,
And, starting from their midnight sleep

THE AGE OF GOLD

They seethe about the settling hull
In terror and despair,
Confusion's panic everywhere,
The black mist's pall across the deep.

An hundred souls their slumber keep,
An hundred noble hearts found rest;
On distant strands there watch and weep
Expectant ones, that ne'er will see
The Islander, in the harbor lea,
Nor the ripples from her breast.

AURORA COMES

Latitude 65 North. Spectator, a Miner.
Time: Night.

Above

Mark now yon rising glow, like moonbeam pale,
Unfolding from the zenith's northward height;
Sweeping in queenly splendor thro' the vale
Come marshalled minions from the realm of light.

Forth from the vast abyss unkennded of man,
Their mystic motion mounts the mazy slope,
Glimpsing alembic alchemy of Nature's plan
To awe our finite sense of cosmic scope.

Below

Vain foolish mortals creep from hill to hill,
Ant-like Ambition bids them plan and ply
From golden granary to store a larder-till,
As yawns the deep-digged grave wherein they lie.

"Must mean employ thus round this span of life,
Tired children hastening to a mould'ring bed,
Why waste thy precious hour in gainful strife,
Forgotten myriads of thy kind, rest—with the dead."

THE AGE OF GOLD

The Pageant

Heralds a tremulous blush, the Northern light,
In mantling, faint, swift-mounting upward flight;
As o'er the starry meadow glides the beam
High heaven's hollows pulsate with its gleam;
Lambent and waving draperies band the upper night,
Dim, ray-evolving shapes grow spectral bright,
Through lofty regions glowing banners stream,
In luminous arch the blended colors teem,
Splendors dissolve into ethereal space
And shining legions speed to fill their place,
Weaving fantastic garlands high in air
As forth and back the restless currents fare.

Now lost beneath the horizon's obscuring plane,
Commingling now with others of the train,
Forming, reforming, elusive, changeful ever,
Shifting in bright and beauteous endeavor,
Across the vaulted, starlit void it goes,
Nor dwells a single moment in repose,
Until at length, as wearied of the rout,
The glow and glory is diffused about

AURORA COMES

To fade, in pale refulgence, to the Northern sky,
As far the iridescent phantom-creatures fly
Who pay attendant homage on that scene,
Where flits the fair Aurora—Northland Queen.

* * * *

And now, their entertainment done,
All hie to rest, till rising sun,
In gilded glint and ruffled wake,
Touches the bosom of the lake;
Till daybreak's gentle breezes clasp
The palpitating quaken-asp,
And carol-chants awake a world
Which night in silent shadow furl'd.

JOURNEYING

Hour and Place

Declines the day, and once again the west
In purpling panoply of cloud, deep crimson drest,
Blends with its dying glory, high horizon line
In profile of bold mountain scarp, and the dark pine.

Where swift sibilant eddies of the river lave
A pebbly beach and bank, where tall forest gave
Back to the stream its tinted outline in the light,
Again our voyagers have paused for night.

Freed from their craft's confine, ease-postured each,
Outstretched they lie, their couch the mossy green,
Save comrade-three, who from the nearby reach,
In raptured contemplation, view the scene.

Whom of mankind, nor once again has heard
That loud primeval nature-cry within his breast,
Which some untrod and virgin wilderness has stirred
To ancient heritage of longing and unrest.

JOURNEYING

Far from the social trammel of convention's
screed,
Far from the sodden course of urban strife,
The souls of men return, like bondsmen freed,
To joy in first unfettered ways of life.

Boundless the sea Ambition's prow would cleave,
Before, an Empire's hoarded wealth awaits the hand
That in its strength the savage wilds may reave,
And richly recompense their Argonautic band.

Soon o'er the verdured vale deep shadows fall,
The forest's image now has sunk from sight,
And from the fire log friendly voices call
The three, to join the circle by its light.

Now as they list, a theme of love unfolds
Which centuried Summer's eve heard oft repeat,
As youth's enfolding clasp to its mood moulds
A maiden heart, 'mid ecstasies complete.

Song

HEARTSEASE

Heart of my heart, my star-eyed lass
Dear maid,
Love came and bade us love confess,
All unafraid.

Thine was the trusting soul I sought
Afar and wide,
Predestined fate at last has brought
Me to thy side.

To touch thy lip, to clasp thy form,
Were bliss sublime,
Mine arms shall shelter thee from storm
For all life's time.

Come thou to claim protection there
Whate'er befall,
'Twill bring forgetfulness from care
Which troubleth all.

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HEARTSEASE

Be fortune kind or be our state
The humbler poor,
Love's rose shall blossom by our gate,
And aye endure.

Soul of my soul, my queenly lass,
Dear maid,
Cling alway close in tenderness,
And unafraid.

* * * *

Laudation sped its echo and again he gave
Of revery's solicitude for absent wife,
Nor knew they she returned—but to the grave,
Whose sombre depth hid all his joy in life.

Song

THE SILENT HOUSE

The toiler turns from round of cares
At evening hour,
And to the shrine of love repairs;
His cottage bower.

But solitude has claimed the place
Of joy and peace,
He greets no radiant, love-lit face
Of heart's surcease.

No voice of tend'rest resonance
Bespeaks his name,
Nor lips in loving consonance
Endearments frame.

A brooding quietude pervades
Each silent room,
As sunset's glow to shadow fades
And twilight gloom.

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THE SILENT HOUSE

The soulful harpsichord stands mute
Whose memories tell,
Melodious theme of harp and lute,
And raptured spell.

The cluster'd petals she arrayed
Within their urn,
Now in repinement droop and fade
For her return.

"Ye morrows, hasten on thy way,
My soul hath' fear
Some ill may aye prolong her stay,
Would she were here."

* * * *

"Good friends," the speaker sat apart,
That he might there aloof,
Be not discerned, for tears did start
And pathos of the song gave proof.

THE AGE OF GOLD

“An hour in bygone time I mind,
When to my father’s door there came
A beggar, bent and aged and blind,
And wasted was his form, and lame.

’Tis such as he whose suppliant cry
You each have heard—mayhap have spurned,
But I, since then, have ne’er passed by,
Forbearance from his life, I learned.”

THE VAGABOND

Prologue

Good friend, and critic too, who would the moral
ask,

The tale is old, the theme no merit and a thankless
task,

Were chronicler presumptuous of such boon mere to
relate

An outcast's sordid lot, his vagrant course, his fate.

'Tis but one hapless fellow creature broken on the
wheel,

An ill-starred starveling wretch ground 'neath the
social heel,

Who, in his misery, turned at length to forage on
the mass

Whose greed for place and power reduced him to the
pass.

THE AGE OF GOLD

Shunned by the hurrying crowd, despised, bereft and
lone,
In lieu of bread he asked, life gave to him, a stone,
Nor how he fell, nor all the cause, his weakness or his
need,
Conspired what social force, what laws, few passing
note or heed.

“On, on with pride’s parade, removed in cold aloof-
ness far,
Dinning the senseless rabble-shout, drag on the Jug-
gernautic car
Whose mangling course, careening down the line,
Crushes the drugged devotee who worships at its
shrine.”

Theme

A knock sounds at the farmhouse door
As night shades veil the moor;
Aged the man who stands before,
Asking the shelter of the poor.

THE VAGABOND

The housewife hastes to lift the latch
And bids the stranger enter there,
Invites him rest beneath their thatch,
And of their provender to share.

“What dost thou here,” his host began
When their repast was o’er,
“What fate compels thee beg, good man,
When thou art past three score.”

A sigh, in seeming from the soul,
Came, ere to them he did unfold
His story, nor paused ere the whole
Of his sad history had told.

“An hour agone I craved a crust,
Craved shelter for the night,
My need was great, and hunger must
Th’ unbidden guest invite.

Some men there be whose course is run
To measured pulse and play,
Yet others, ere the goal be won
Grow wearied of its way.

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THE AGE OF GOLD

In youth I dwelt 'mid luxuried ease
In wealth's attire arrayed,
Nor knew want's breath or bitter breeze,
As pleased paths I strayed.

Fair was the world and filled with song,
Friends came from far and near,
And gay and happy was the throng,
That gathered round my cheer.

But brief the season of that state
For, as adversity drew round,
My one-time friends forsook the gate,
That they, in opulence, had found.

The thoroughfare where once I met
Extended hands in greeting,
Held now no welcome, but regret
That chance had caused the meeting.

Sadly I roamed the city's streets,
To find in labor's mart
The menial task that soon escheats
Life's joy, to penured part.

THE VAGABOND

Mine was the lot of millions more
Whose labor can but gain
A pittance, that a day before
Will scarce serve to sustain.

Unfitted by that earlier life
To battle, with success,
I was unequal to a strife
Waged with such earnestness.

Dwelling in a tall tenement,
Sickness soon brought despair,
And starving, thence away I went
To the great city's care.

Broken in spirit, health impaired,
Feeble and wan and spent,
I crept from charity, nor cared
Whither my steps were bent.

But that debasement left its mark,
For when the friendly sun had set,
Shamefacedly I sought the park
Where nightly vagabondage met.

THE AGE OF GOLD

From this to crime was but a pace,
For many there told of the way,
The downward track few can retrace,
Who once seek social prey.

I learned 'twas easier far to find
Support from deeds of shame,
And soon my furtive fellowkind
Spake whisperingly my name.

A felon's dock—then weary years
The walls of prison held me in,
And in the silent cell, my tears
Made their atonement for my sin.

Across the world a ten-years' cloud
Hung like a dark abysmal night,
Ere freed at last I was allowed
To feel the felon's blight.

My prison life had left its stamp,
Deep seamed the lines of care,
I looked, I was, a nomad tramp
With early whited hair.

THE VAGABOND

Decrep't pre-ag'd, a beggar's cot
Answered each night my need,
And morning took me from the spot
Where kindness cried 'God speed.'

Thenceforward on I ceaseless strayed
To hear men's curses hurl'd,
For tell-tale prison gait betrayed
My secret to the world.

But once, was one who loved me well,
A queen in woman's grace,
Nor yet to what far depth I fell
Was banished quite, her face.

When first I came to man's estate
She had worn my circlet-band,
And well I knew her grief was great,
That I, resigned her hand.

I knew not then, she nobly sought
To bid me near her stay,
And all her worldly wealth had brought,
But I—had fled away.

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THE AGE OF GOLD

I thought it kindness, chivalry
Forbade me let her share
My changed estate's dull misery
And coarse and meanly fare.

Yet through the years that hopeless sped,
Oft to my thought she came,
To bow in bitter grief, my head,
And emphasize my shame.

I saw her once 'mid fashion's press,
A sweet child by her side,
In quest of alms I touched her dress;
Ah, could I then have died.

She knew me not, nor turned away
Ere granting my request,
The coin she gave till death will stay
Close-treasured at my breast.

I found her home, I lingered near,
And learned to love the child,
And in that presence fond and dear,
To fate, was reconciled.

THE VAGABOND

Oh, touch divine, a child's caress,
To yearning hearts thy want is pain,
Soul's plummet-sound of bitterness
Who cries for thee in vain.

Mistrusting they my good intent,
She roamed no more at play,
And soon in sadness, on I went
Along that weary way.

Restless, I've wandered here and there,
And each succeeding year,
I hail, in hope 'twill bring me where
Peace bides—upon the bier.

Good people, show me now the bed
Where I may win repose—"
At morn the sleeper's soul had fled,
His faring found its close.

LETTERS FROM HOME

Reverie

A miner sits at his cabin door
In the twilight of the day,
His thought of that hour but a year before
In a quiet village far away
When the maid he loved stood by his side
And his heart was glad, for, his promised bride,
She would linger there for aye and for aye.

Theirs was the old sweet story, told
In the tender and olden way,
They met and loved, would have and hold
And yield to love's own ardent sway,
To voyage down the stream of life
In hand together, man and wife,
To the shore of its Stygian bay.

LETTERS FROM HOME

A pledge of their plighted faith she wears,
His token of troth and trust,
The guerdon of her love he bears,
Dearer far than the precious dust
Which his toil may win him there;
He dreams of the day when she will share
His well-earned wealth, and just.

Oft, oft in the time gone by since then
Has her sweet soft-murmured "Yes,"
Brought fleeting hope to his heart again
When the gloom of the night would press,
And dark despair, there ever near
Found banishment in memory dear,
And the thoughts of her caress.

He came, not in quest of gold alone—
Pelf was to him life's lesser part,
And love that lack would soon atone
In wealth of one fond heart,
But duty called, and so to win
Bounty and blessing for those of kin,
Had he sought the miner's mart.

THE AGE OF GOLD

A letter falls from his listless hand
And flutters unto the ground;
Thus read the message he had scanned:
"Your former sweetheart now has found
Solacement for her loneliness,
Tomorrow in hymeneal dress,
She hears her nuptial chant resound."

* * * *

The mist of midnight creeps along
The mountain, and hangs o'er the vale
Whose tinkling echoes tell the song
Of pack-trains, toiling up the trail;
The tranquil beauty of the night
Recalls her face, with love alight,
Recounts, in minor chord, the tale.

THE QUICKENING

Memory whispered in the gloaming,
"Nomad, cease thy roaming,
Turn unto thy homing;
Still thy warm heart quickens to the thought.
 Need thou hast abated,
 Thirst for gold hast sated,
 Toil hath plenty mated;
Seek thou they for whom here thou hast wrought.

"Sweet the joys that first thou tasted
Ere on wayward way thou hasted
To a wanton world, and wasted,
Thy first hour of manhood, careless, free,
 'Twas thy lesson; learn another,
 Afar waits thy sad-faced mother,
 Kindred name an absent brother,
Thy ancestral hearthstone's voices call to thee.

THE AGE OF GOLD

“Long thy fortune thou hast ventured
Unto fickle chance indentured,
And tho’ oft thy mistress censured,
None, of thee hath heard complaining;
 Go, thy heart turns yonder,
 Time thy ties make fonder
 Wheresoe’er that thou dost wander,
Find again thy lov’d ones, life is waning.”

VOICE OF PROMISE

“They will welcome where at parting,
Tear dimmed eyes saw thee depart,
Where, like fount of youth upstarting,
Welled affection from each heart.

“They will gather there to meet thee,
Father, mother, kindred, all,
They will come again to greet thee
From thy childhood’s festal hall.

“They will list each one, nor weary,
Grow of thine adventured tale,
And attentive to thy query,
Of their simpler way, regale.

“Vanished years that hour has plighted,
For they spared with kindly hand,
Thee, as o’er the earth benighted,
Strayed thy feet on foreign strand.”

AU REVOIR

I leave thee, comrades, for a time,
To journey there once more,
Where home-spun hearts with simple chime,
Bring back the days of yore.

Our pact of fellowship well tried
Has proved thee loyal friends,
Whose merit, that with honor vied,
For hardship made amends.

The Winter's frost, the Summer's sun,
But closer knit our ties,
As we together toiled and won
Beneath these Arctic skies.

Yet first in thought will ever be
That scene of earlier youth,
The kindly and parental tree
Which sheltered Love and Truth.

AU REVOIR

Kind friends, adieu, and as we part
The tribute of my tears,
Must, from the fount of friendship start
In memory of these years.

Answer in Echo

“Comrade, we grieve to see thee go,
The parting hour gives pain,
And oft, when comes the night and snow,
We’ll wish thee back again.

“The cabin circle gath’ring round
Will miss thy friendly face,
And as the evening songs resound
We’ll wish thee in thy place.

“But when again thy step shall turn
From thine far native land,
Thou’lt know staunch hearts, in welcome yearn
To clasp once more, thine hand.”

THE RETURN

Comes a stranger to the highway
Whom no neighbor seeming knows,
Questions none of path or byway
And they wonder where he goes.

Pilgrim he, but now returning
To the scene which first he knew,
Where his heart came ever yearning,
As through time its longing grew.

He has paused within the distance
For, re-echoing down the years,
Came a melody's soft insistence
To suffuse his sight with tears.

Stands awhile in indecision
Ere he strides along the way,
Straining with an eager vision
Where the half-hid steading lay.

THE RETURN

Ah, it shows—the home ancestral
Where he dwelt in youthful hour,
And again Life's hymn orchestral
Sounds with rhythmic sway and power.

Fragrant were the paths with flowers
When his childish feet there strayed,
Through the fields and woodland bowers
Where he with a brother played.

Long those halcyon days have vanished,
Time has changed the wanderer's face,
Twenty years he has been banished
From that boyhood's dwelling place.

Yet in dreams he oft would wander,
As he did in youth's first dawn,
Through the spacious farmhouse yonder
And adown the box-hedged lawn.

Now he comes again to waken
Recollection's quick'ning train,
And remembrance dear has shaken
Vibrant reeds to tend'rest pain.

THE AGE OF GOLD

These were once paternal acres,
Alien hands now till the soil,
Then a kinfolk were the makers—
Yon old mansion shows their toil.

'Twas a forefather first planted
Tree and vine which round it stand,
His the patience that was granted
Plenty from the fruitful land.

There a vigorous household flourished,
Sturdy stock and line were they,
Men and women there were nourished
Fashioned from a generous clay.

Where are those, the sons and daughters,
Scions sprung from his proud race—
Scattered o'er the world of waters
Strive their children for a place.

Once that ancient shelter standing
There on gently rising slope,
Echoed to a merry banding,
Marriage feast and song of hope.

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THE RETURN

Now decays the fallen rafter,
Ruin soon will claim its own,
Now no more resounds the laughter,
Mirth and Joy have long since flown.

Those dear days and blest condition
Are no more within its walls,
And survives but old tradition,
Phantom-haunting musty halls.

Thence went sons to serve the nation
In their country's hour of dread,
One, to pour a life's libation
When at Fredericksburg he bled.

Reads his roster, "Killed in action
In the forefront of the slain;"
Freedmen know that benefaction
Was not given there in vain.

Long a mother mourned the lov'd one,
He, her fondest hope and pride,
And her thought was of that dear son
Long years after when she died.

THE AGE OF GOLD

'Soldier heroes, thee we render
Thy exalted manhood's crown,
And thy deed's undying splendor
Shall posterity pass down.

'Honored is thy glorious doing,
Strong of soul thou wert, and brave,
Noblest aim and course pursuing,
Thy name lives, despite the grave.'

Turns the pilgrim to the churchyard
Where lie they whose name he bears,
Venerates each mounded earth-sward,
Peace, they rest from earthly cares.

Sad at heart, he goes, to ponder
Of existence', strange-writ page,
Bends his course again to wander—
Life—'tis but a pilgrimage.

VOYAGING

The Rhyme of a Return Journey

PROLOGUE

You brother nomads of the North
Whom search for wealth impels to roam,
Far from the hallowed place of birth,
Far from the tendrils ties of home,
I crave this boon, an idle moment's time,
To hearken to my vagrant voyage-rhyme.
For brothers all are we, of common kin,
Each going forth with hopes to win
In measure great or small, some precious part
Of that elusive, witchful thing
So few unto successful wooing bring;
Fair fickle wanton Fortune's aureate heart.

How quick the years have flown away,
The time seems but as yesterday,
Since to that toilsome trail we turned
Where glowing camp-fires nightly burned.
Still on that barrier's icy steep

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THE AGE OF GOLD

The comrades of our journey sleep;
Beneath those rough-heaped mounds of earth
They rest, whose trial proved their worth.
In yon enclosure moulders one—
Earth's gentlest truest bravest son,
Who, wearying of rude Mammon's quest,
Turned from the path and sought his rest.
There ever Hope, her magic healing brought,
Unto the weary work-worn Argonaut,
There, still beyond, the treasure of his dream
Lay glinting with its glamorous golden gleam.

But as water fowl in early spring,
By Nature's primal instinct, wing
Back to some dear welcoming lake
Whose gentle calm and sheltering brake
With subtle and mysterious power
Recalls to them Life's natal hour,
So too, where e'er his journey wends,
His course at last the wanderer bends
To find again the happy shore
He left in days long gone before;
Greets there once more the loyal few

VORAGING

His early youth and boyhood knew ;
Kindles afresh the hearthstone's flame
And joyous, hears his childhood name
Breathed in a mother's passioned sigh
In cadence of the years gone by.

THE VOYAGE

“What ho, ye pilgrims northward bound,”
The steamship’s deep diapasons sound;
As “All Ashore” rings loud and clear
The vessel swings from the crowded pier
And, gliding across the harbor bright,
Speeds away from the watchers’ sight.
Her eager passengers press the rail
To catch the last faint-sounding hail,
While flutt’ring signals strive to tell
To distant friends, the heart’s farewell.
On board a merry throng was there,
Seekers for gold, returning where
Success had once its wonder wrought,
Nor reckoned they that dear ’twas bought;
Though few of they who made that band
Again would view their native land.

As swift to the throb of the pulsing screw
The clust’ring hamlets hide from view,
A scene of beauty rare to find
In dim recession, fades behind,

THE VOYAGE

There, snow-clad, silent, silvery, stand
Sun-kissed Ranier—Olympics grand,
Towering in cold impassive might,
Bathed in the day's fast waning light,
In hoary majesty arrayed
O'erlooking field and forest glade,
Watching their image in the bay;
While, smiling back from its surface there,
Radiant in their promise fair,
The mirrored countenance of cities lay.

Dim vistaed reach of varied scroll,
Does that voyage to the sight unroll;
Headlands grow dim, strange ships pass by,
The fisher craft to their homing ply;
Along the sea-girt mountain's flank,
Stand stately fir in serried rank;
Scenes each that pleased the sense anew
Were daily revealed as the voyage grew
Steadily on past isle and strand
To the gateway of that distant land
Where, battling on amid the cold
The miner delves for hidden gold.

THE AGE OF GOLD

Like a benison of peace and rest
The shades of darkness fall;
The sea birds seek the ocean's breast,
The mist-shroud covers all;
Then, to the half-expectant ear,
Sound dangers ever leag'ring near,
And pregnant fancy's fearsome crew
Thrusts unseen peril to the view;
Show the glacier's calf submerged, that waits
Where swift tides rush through narrowing straits,
While the surf bell's warning toll,
Bidding us beware the shoal,
The thick fog's muffling veil,
The whistling siren's mournful wail,
All speak, in accents fraught with fear,
Of dire disaster lurking there,
And wreck's beneath, whose story each well knew.

One night, as by the rail I stood
To mark the surge of the restless flood,
In the gleaming phosphorescence's glow,
From the wrack and spume in the vessel's wake,
Methought came a sound, as of lips that spake

THE VOYAGE

Of the countless souls that sleep
In the dismal dungeon-keep
Of that sepulchre below;
And the sound of the surf on a distant reef
As it rose and fell in its note of grief,
Was human, in its woe.

'Old ocean, what of thy myriad dead,
The one-time wanderers o'er thy main,
Who have found their rest upon thy bed,
Along the waste of thy shadowy plain;
Is thy salt but the tears that were shed for men
By women that ever will watch and weep
For the ones who have vanished from mortal ken,
For those that were given thy trust to keep;
Is thy lipping wave as it curls on the shore
But their souls' sad sighing evermore,
Is thy gull's shrill cry but re-echoing pain
From them who have waited and watched in vain?
Give me the message thou hast of their doom,
Depict me a scene from their prison gloom.'

THE AGE OF GOLD

The billowed tongues of a reef-bound shore,
The night wind's voice from the corded mast,
Murmur the tale from the annals of yore,
Tell softly of brave deeds done in the past.
Tell how seamen, whose hope was a buoying plank
Gave place to a fellow, and freely sank,
Sank down to where formless monsters creep,
Where the tribes of sea at their banquets keep,
And there, in the grewsome Kraken's wold
Dissolved in its all-embracing fold.

Tell of storm that raged and of tempest's breath
That encompassed round with its threat of death,
While far abeam flamed the beacon light
And the surf bell boom'd through the dark'ning
night.

Although strong and brave and true was each,
Their hour had come—a wreck on the beach
Was all that remained to tell the tale
Of the ship that perished in the gale,
Wrap't about with its winding sheet
Of spindrift spray and snow and sleet.

* * * *

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THE VOYAGE

With a fav'ring tide the harbor side
At last is safely won,
And our noble ship lies at her slip
Peaceful in the sun.
The pilot's skilful hand
Guiding past shoal and sand,
Has brought us scatheless through,
Then to each other as we part,
We speak, each one with grateful heart,
Of our captain and his crew.

Be it thus with the storm-toss'd human bark,
As it gropes its way in the unknown dark,
The star of its purpose ever before;
Amid currents that set to temptation's reef,
Onward through fogs of a blind belief,
To a port on an unknown shore.
And thou, Voyager, watch well thy ship,
To thy compass look, let the helm not slip
Lest, driven unguided before the blast,
Thy bark upon the shoals be cast.

L'ENVOI

It has seemed to me, as I sail life's sea
And meet its motley craft,
It will matter not when the end be got
Whether the winds be fair, that waft
The mariner across that sea
To his dreamless sleep for eternity,
Nor whether reef nor rock nor shoal
Shall lurk before the haven-goal,
If only the compass of Love he doth heed
If, strong and sure in his time of need
Shall sturdy Affection grasp the wheel
To guide the course of the furrowing keel
Which ploughs the field of the restless main
Where men fare forth in search of gain.
Then at last, from the bounds of that ocean-vale,
True friends will long for the well-lov'd sail,
Fond hearts will hunger and yearn for the one
Who has passed from sight, whose hour is done.

AT LAST

Homeward bound, astern the scene,
That once in eagerness we sought;
The weary years lie all between,
The golden sands we strove to glean,
Fate filched, the while we wrought.

Homeward bound, who waits us there
Of those we grieved to leave behind,
To anxious vigil, days of care
And tidings scant of they who fare
To delve, where gold is mined.

Homeward bound, now in review
Familiar landscape faces show;
The glade which once our camp-fire knew,
The beetling crag past which we drew
To Eldorado-land below.

Homeward bound, what visions throng,
What memories crowd apace,
As 'mid the scenes we surge along

[III]

THE AGE OF GOLD

Which knew our hopeful voyage song,
As sped that Northward race.

Homeward bound, we breast the stream
Whose current bore us to the goal;
A troublous phantasy, a dream
These years of disappointment seem,
And wounds they gave have seared the soul.

THE LESSON OF THE YEARS

Ye who will voyage from that place
Where love and trust and friendship are,
Who, to some spot remote, shall trace
Fair Fortune's form, of fickle grace,
Beware—the quest will leave its scar.

Finis

[113]

Author's Note

The following *critical appreciation* of this work was received some four years ere the manuscript ventured to approach a publisher. It sounds the depth to which destructive pessimism will sink in venting the venom of its individual opinion.

The sad mission of such misanthropy is to rend the viscera of authorship and revel in the offal. To true criticism of art and letters it bears the relationship of an abattoir-butcher to the office of skilled and humanitarian surgery.

“The author of this collection knows nothing whatever of the laws of metre, or of the laws of rhythm; nor has he an ear to guide him when knowledge fails. He introduces and omits feet not in violation of law only, but in violation of sound. His combinations of rhythms are often utterly unpermissible, both according to the canons of prosody and according to the instincts of the musical ear.

“His ear is equally deficient in the matter of rhyme. Moreover he has no sense for the singing quality or the absence of it in words, which he chooses with the freedom of the prose writer.

“His disregard of form and of music is not compensated for by any power of imagery or vigor in narrative.

The collection does not present a single vivid picture or tell one story strongly.

“A detailed criticism would be as long as the volume, and is not warranted by the material.”

D—, M— & L—.

“New York, September 18, 1905.”

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